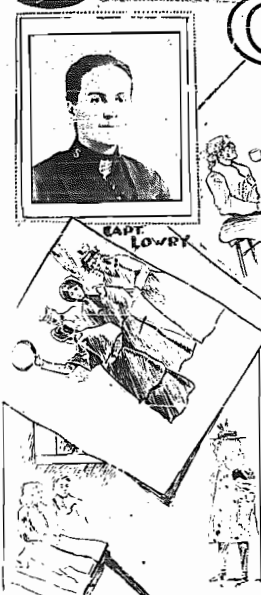


THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA

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SERVING POVERTY'S GREY HAIRS



case, but still there are hundreds who accept the service test of discipleship. And in the better enlightenment of this later time, their numbers are great of those who in our ranks have passed the standard service which the old Franciscans sought to reach, for these earlier followers performed services the most mental for the cultured and the rich, while the latter-day followers of the same teaching such as the one of whom this sketch speaks are literally the servants of those whose lives are compassed by degradation, wretchedness and sin.

Muscular Christianity well-developed is the mental comment of those who stand before Captain Jessie Lowrie, straight, strong and vigorous, she carries the impress of her Scot descent in every gesture. There is little of saint in the commonly accepted sense of the word about her substantial exterior and blunt speech. Hers is pre-eminently a Salvation of

Deeds, Not Words.

But to many, who wear the grey hairs of poverty, she has the face and tongue of an angel. All God's children are angels of mercy, but only recognized as such by those to whom they are sent. "I wish you had been here last night," exclaimed the Captain, when we stepped into the Women's Shelter, the other afternoon.

"Why, what was happening?" "A row," was the answer, given with an off-handedness of manner, telling that such was no unusual thing when the nightly inmates of the Shelter have a special partiality for strong drink. But "rows" are no terror to the Captain. She is

Her Own Police Officer.

A word about Captain Lowrie's home. We are assured that the Shelter was once a common lodging-house many of its present patronesses testifying to having owned a "room" under such regime, or we might have supposed that the house was built for its present aim, as admirably suited to the requirements. The rooms are fitted with ventilators, which are wide enough to let in a splendid sufficiency of breeze (and an awkward sufficiency of cats also on the top floors). The pretty porch is shaded by a fine tree, but this was not in blossom at the time of our visit.

"No, it is not flowering this year," said the Captain. "The fact is, I think The Trees are Drunk."

"Drunk" it was all we managed to "juggle, questioningly." "Certainly!" said the Captain, enjoying, we fancy, our amazement: "one of the rules of the Shelter is that no drink whatever shall be brought in, and I have had to throw so many cans-full of the stuff outside the door, and so much of it has fallen upon that poor tree that I think it really must be drunk by now—anyway, it has borne no flowers this year."

The preservation of the same very necessary rule has put Captain Lowrie's muscular religion often to the test. Of course the Shelter door is open to all, irrespective of their character, and as the Captain is specially strict upon the maintenance of discipline, and many of the old ladies are very fond of their drink and make persevering attempts to retain it, several battles have ensued, generally ending in complete victory on the Captain's part. The "row" on the night previous to our visit had been one of these, though in this case the beer had not reached the tree, it having been spilt, in the possessor's sorrow, upon the hall floor.

They Have Good Hearts.

said the Captain, lovingly, "and often show that which would make them good and useful women if only they were saved. Some of them, however drunk, never forget to bring in a little bag of candy or an apple for me."

A detailed description of those for whom Captain Lowrie's daily servitude is given would take too long to write, and too long to read. They vary from the old lady who asks aims in the city street, protesting, "I don't beg, my dear, I only hold out my little hand," to the hard-working day's-hire woman, who is proud of and proclaims the fact, whether drunk or sober, that she earns her living hard. With a few exceptions, each old woman is going down life's hill, and but for the comfort and care of the Shelter that hill would be, for some of them, a very steep one.

Just what the Captain does not for her group of old women it would be difficult to say.

NEVERS . . .

By the FIELD COMMISSIONER.

NEVER put off till to-morrow what it is your duty to do to-day.

NEVER condemn that which you do not understand. Rather ask an explanation.

NEVER be too reserved to say you are sorry for a man, woman or child in trouble.

NEVER run away from a difficulty. To face it will often be to overcome it.

NEVER be ashamed to ask for information which you have never had opportunity to learn.

NEVER be harder on yourself than God is on you, and strive to be just in judging your own actions as He will be.

NEVER grumble. It never has done and it never will do yourself or any one else any good.

NEVER allow a day to pass without getting a definite touch from God to your own heart.

NEVER say you love souls if you cannot suffer for them.

NEVER pass by unheedingly a need or a request that you can meet.

NEVER go to the deserter of a God-given post for advice.

ANOTHER "NEVER."



(Continued on Page 2).

NEVER DRESS LIKE THIS.

HE IMITATION OF CHRIST has been a task undertaken by His followers in every age. And they have reached unearthen to their ideal who have so far become possessors of His Spirit that they have manifested rather than imitated the Divine characteristics. Not always have those most like the Master been thought most of by men, for the Christ-life is, mind, and ever will be, antagonistic to the desires and tastes of the world. Humility, brotherly love, self-abnegation for other interests—these are the expressions of a soul that lies low at the Cross and cares not for the good opinion of the world—unpopular sentiments with God-forgetting human minds.

Out of all the example acts of that Sacred Life, there stands one which in its very mental aspect lifts the Divine simplicity of Christianity high above the vaunted pride of creeds too complicated to be comprehended by the common people. When Christ washed the disciples' feet, He placed on record an object lesson of that service which He expects to see reproduced in the lives of Christians of every generation. Some centuries back the brothers of an old monastic order so far grasped this principle of Christ's teaching that they sought by hiring themselves out as servants to the rich and noble to reach a self-abnegation of service which should imitate their Lord.

This is the Nineteenth Century, in which it is possible to go through the religious world with a good deal of

[SERIAL STORY.]

— THE —

unfolds to her the terrible unrest of his spirit.

An Unusual Street Scene.

It was too late, he remembered, and for any young woman to be seen talking to a young man at such an hour—especially if either made any profession of Christianity—would, if it became known—set the town of Aberdare in a state of great concern. But both love and religion are blind—there was a little of the former, we admit, in this case—to nice distinctions and proprieties of local custom, and so we soon have Maggie Anderson and Richard Winter buried in eager conversation in one of the main streets of the town.

Watched.

What care they who behold them? The town elder passes and crosses them to make sure that his eyes do not deceive him; the policeman—the "oldster in the force"—jogs along his hat more creepily than is his wont. Mr. Wiseman, the shoemaker, who has a habit of taking a constitutional before going to rest, is startled at the phenomenon—if Jupiter was suddenly to be displaced he could not have shown more curiosity. He actually retraced his steps, in order to have the fullest information of the fact, by saying, "Good evening, Mr. Winter, I think we'll have dark weather to-morrow." Needless of these attentions, the couple seemed to be absorbed in their talk.

No Rest for the Journalist.

"I cannot rest, Miss Anderson," Dick Winter observed, "and will not, until I know whether this salvation is real or not."

"Praise God. This is in answer to prayer!"

"You don't mean to say that you are praying for me?"

"The whole Corps is!"

"Good gracious! The whole Corps! And why?"

"For more reasons than one, but mainly because you would be such a trophy for the Master."

"A trophy! What is there remarkable about me?"

Unbeliever.

"Your unbelief, Mr. Winter. You have only a flimsy idea about God. Your criticisms of God's Word have spread throughout the District, and done more

to manufacture a cloak of excuse for the unrighteous than all the blasphemy and drink of the town have done to damn souls."

"Oh, God!" Richard Winter ejaculated. "I said!"

"Thank the Lord! Bless His Name! But you have despised Christ—"

"Never!" interrupted the young man. "Oh, yes you have—you have despised His sacrifice as an atonement. You have belittled the Spirit of God."

"In what way?" Miss Winter asked. "By ascribing to superstitious fears what is the work of the Holy Ghost. It is His blessed work to convince men of sin, while those who have despised Him, confess their sins to God, and surrender their lives to Him; whereas you, Mr. Winter, and your associates, have laid this all down to conscience gone mad and the emotions excited by enthusiasts for religion."

"Perhaps not; but what do you say, I do to? I assure you that I do despise myself. I would give all I'm worth to get into touch with something living."

"You never will, Mr. Winter, until you are prepared to confess your sin."

"What?"

"The sin of unbelief."

"Am I responsible for disbelieving the Scriptures? The greatest authorities in Hellendom have been unable to explain away the foundations of your faith."

Who is Responsible?

Maggie Anderson was not a philosopher, but she was taught by the Holy Ghost, and stood before this acolyte her former lover—as a teacher sent from God.

"You save the men outside the 'Royal Arms' to-night, drunk and careless?"

"I did."

"Were they responsible for being intoxicated?"

"Certainly."

"But four out of the five doctors in this town will tell you that alcohol is beneficial."

Dick Winter saw the comparison, but replied, "Miss Anderson, the parallel is hollow. How am I to be saved except through my redemption?"

"Which you have injured—by following your own plan instead of God's?"

"And what is that?"

"There is no other name given amongst men whereby we must be saved—save JESUS; if you will but believe in your heart—your heart should answer a way of trusting God—and confess with your mouth, you shall be saved."

"How can I trust what I do not believe?"

"Do you want to be saved?" asked the lady, with her whole soul in the question—a question which put Richard Winter's sincerity to the test. He paused, as if listening to the voice of some inner speaker. He told Miss Anderson by the hand, which she did not resent.

"I do!" he sighed. "God knows I do."

"Then, there's only one Saviour. If you will but trust Him, you will soon see the very truth which at present is covered with clouds of mystery."

"And if I do, what will be the result? I cannot predict. It may mean the loss of my situation."

"That I do not know, of course; but that it will mean Calvary to you I am certain."

"Then, I'll think—and pray over it."

"That's right, Mr. Winter; but may I say that in taking this step you must leave me out of your thoughts—for I have already offered myself as an Officer for The Salvation Army."

"An Officer, Maggie?"

"Yes—to go anywhere and be anything for the salvation of the world. Good-night!"

(To be continued).

NOTES—G. B. M.

Have received returns from North Head realizing five dollars. Agent there not a Salvationist, but handling the scheme as though she was. God bless her!

Dighy comes in well with seven dollars. Good Bless Agent Dakin.

Clark's Harbor does very nicely, collecting \$6.56, a nice increase above last quarter.

Bermuda had their boxes only four weeks, but sends in nearly \$30. Bravo!

Look out, some of you other places. What will they do in 13 weeks? The Provincial Agent was in raptures over their returns. God bless Bermuda!

Fredericton, Chatham and Parrsboro have all come in. God bless the Agents who devote their time to this grand work. They collected \$16.22, \$7.29 and \$3.64 respectively.

St. Stephen does \$1.15—a nice help. Brother Stewart is handling things here.

ENSIGN A. PERRY,
Provincial Agent.

Sign of the Cross.

Chapter VII.—The Agnostic's Decision.

QUITE A SCENE followed Dick Winter's sudden interference, and as is usual in public-house squabbles, two sides were immediately formed—one for Dick and one against him.

"What have you to do with the girl?" roared the man whose hold of Maggie Anderson was so violently interfered with.

Richard Winter made no reply. He was waiting Maggie Anderson's answer to his own question.

"The girl's a disgrace to the town!" a voice shouted. Still Richard Winter was silent.

A Salvation Heroine.

"I can do no good, men, now," said Miss Anderson at length. "Dinner quarrel about me. I shall be glad to see you all at the People's Hall to-morrow night. Sammy Robertson is going to tell how he gave up the drink, and I hope you'll all come, and bring your wives with you. Good-night and God bless you!"

Saying which, the brave, intrepid girl quietly passed through the little crowd of idlers and drunken men—to the annoyance of every one.

"The lassie has got a tongue o' wisdom," said one.

"And a wise head on young shoulders," said another, while Richard Winter shrugged his shoulders and walked off, confounded and half-dazed at the dramatic-like character of the whole affair.

Where Lies the Charm.

It was with less without parallel in the list of public-house rows—that in one minute all the passions of personal bitterness should be excited, and in less than four minutes afterwards no one seemed disposed to say a wrong word of another. Where lay the secret of this girl's—say, this religious charm?

Dick Winter would know, and he had scarcely turned the corner of the street which left the "Royal Arms" out of view than he received to interest Miss Anderson on her way home, and

God's Question

TO THE SHEPHERDS

Where is the flock that was given thee: thy beautiful flock?—Jer. xiii. 20.

Where are the sheep that were safe in the fold?

Say, have they wandered away in the cold?

Is their place vacant? Oh, where do they roam?

Have you been seeking to bring them back home?

Sacred the trust God committed to thee,

"A beautiful flock," so happy and free;

Now they are hungry, and weary, and cold,

Wandering away from the kind Shepherd's fold.

Where are the feeble, the sick, and the lone,

Who in their sorrow and misery moan?

Hearts that are broken with woe and despair

Heeding thy pity, thy love, and thy care.

Bind up the wounded, so weary and faint,

Jesus is waiting to hear their complaint;

Do not neglect them and leave them to roam,

Hasten to find them and bring them back home.

Where are the lambs that He bade thee to feed?

Straying away? None supplying their need?

They who are claiming thy tenderest care,

Jesus the lambs in His boom would bear

"Where is the flock that was given to thee?"

Hark! the Good Shepherd is asking of thee.

What can you tell Him, oh, what will you say?

Have you His flock been attending to-day?

STAFF-CAPT. AGGIE COWAN.

WAR CRY ECHOES.

Declaration of War.

THE ABOVE LEGEND on the front of a War Cry was the first thing that that found Mr. W. on his return from work, and so took his attention that before doing anything else it was eagerly read, and the call reached his heart as from God. Little did the War Cry seller think when he dropped that War Cry into the letter-box that evening, it was going to result in such a victory for Brother W.—his soul, and also for the Kingdom of God.

This man had been a successful Officer for years, but fell, and although he had been restored to the favor of his God some months previous to this, he had never decided to come back and identify himself with the Salvation Army. But that "Declaration of War" decided it, and the next day Brother W. was to be found on the platform with the old-time fire again in his soul, and is daily proving God's power sufficient to keep.

His wife, who at this time was not willing that her husband should be a Soldier, had since consecrated her life to God and the Army, and is going to stand by the Flag and her husband in the resolution.

Through the silence of the War Cry of the Siege, "THE DECLARATION OF WAR."

D. C. MOORE,

Adjutant, Riverside.

— I III —



Captain Ollis, of Yorkville,

Tells of Seven and a-Half Years of War Cry Selling.

IT WAS in Toronto, eight years ago the 2nd of last March, on a cold Sunday morning, when crowds of people hurriedly rushed to the different places of worship. I happened to be the only listener to a small group of Salvationists, comprising a Captain and two Soldiers, who were in the open-air office up the Front of stances. But that officer resulted in my Salvation.

Since then, it has seemed to me that one of the soundest through which my soul has received grace and strength has been by selling War Cry.

For seven and a-half years I have sold them every week except while resting or ill.

One day, while stationed at C—P—, I knocked at an open door, and receiving no answer, knocked again.

Upon hearing a feeble voice, seemingly up the stairs, call "Come in," I entered, and quietly went up to where a young man came from, and found a well-furnished bedroom, occupied by an old lady of some 80 years.

She was somewhat startled upon my first appearance, as she had never seen a uniformed Salvationist.

But being a Christian, her fears gradually vanished as we talked together of the Lord.

I prayed, sold her a War Cry, and invited myself to come back again the next week, which I did, and found her so glad to see me and impatient to tell me of the wonderful verities she had found in that paper.

"Friendship with Jesus, fellowship divine, Oh, what blessed sweet communion, Jesus is a Friend of mine."

They had brought her so much blessing. I visited her every week, and upon going to see her for the last time she put her holy arms around my neck, and praised God for the comfort she had received, through the silent work, the War Cry—that had found its way into her lonely room in such a strange way.

MARY A. OLLIS, Captain.

Love sees a thousand opportunities of serving, that law never discovers. — Aton.

APHORISMS.

By MRS. HERBERT BOOTH.

You may repent in your human measure the life of Christ.

What is the use of your religion if you are miserly with your heart's affections?

The atmosphere of Calvary is invariably too much for self.

Love that serves is the motive power that impels our universal Army.

With hearts that are rich in the love of Christ, we can afford to be despised and misunderstood.

Let us be satisfied with nothing less than a death-consecration.

To enter into the sufferings of others enables us to take a clearer view of the insignificance of our own crosses and trials.

The result of your day's march will depend upon the spirit in which you start.

Only private prayer can fit us to meet the unknown dangers that surround us on every hand.

What a safety valve for anxiety is a song of thanksgiving.

There is only one sure defence against your enemy—it is prayer.

How few realize the awful fact that for every idle word we shall be called to give account.

The world alone is the limit of our field of ministry.

There is ample scope for each and all in succoring this God-hungry world.

Many are ever ready to do great deeds for the cause, but how slow they are to sacrifice in the little things of life.

How much more likely are we to conquer when we have one another.

The way of the greatest happiness is not always the best.

We win or lose the day before we begin it.

The thankful heart is ever the revealing heart.

Let the world know that you pray.

Your communion with Heaven does not depend upon length of time, but upon the attitude of your soul.

Let us have fixed appointments with Jesus throughout all our days.

The world is languishing for "men and women of heart."

Jesus not only looked upon the world-wide needs, but inboard: not only touch, but to be held.

Life lived for self is a life failure.

A religion without sacrifice is like the Gospel without the Cross.

Be willing to relinquish your own self-made plans and schemes.

Have a will, but not a self-will.

Get Christ's touch, and you shall beautify other lives.

Who can estimate the transforming power of love?

Bring to Christ your soul's disinterest, cheerful devotion, and the town will be the richer for it.

GROWTH BY RESISTANCE.

By BRIGADIER DUFF.

I HAVE BEEN THINKING lately a great deal about the law of growth by resistance. It seems to work specially in the beginnings of life, and gives, I think, the key to many of the trials and difficulties that perplex young converts in their early days.

Why should the soft green leaves of early spring be hindered by that hard outer shell which holds them back from their growth and expansion? They lie within their narrow covering, cramped, crumpled, growing against the brown varnished walls of their prison-house. And yet we are told that the repression is necessary to them, and that were they free from the outer shells, and their development on every hand unhindered, they would be misshapen and without beauty.

The little chicken within the shell is fettered and shut till it has not "scope," even to the extent of a quarter of an inch, and it grows, not by encouragement, but by resistance.

It is the same in spite of its boundaries! And I have been thinking that often in our very anxiety to help our fellow spiritual life—our own or another's—we do not sufficiently reverence or regard this law of growth by resistance.

We think the way for our spiritual life to develop is to give it a "free course"—plenty of success, of approbation, of sympathy, of fellowship. God sees it needs like the tiny chicken or the fabled leaf, to grow by opposition,

and that pressure against it from without develops it within.

And, therefore, He gives uncongenial companions, a difficult home, a lonely road, a wearying illness, till some day, maybe, with Job, "He hath fenced up my way that I cannot pass," little realizing that the very fence is raised, like a sheltering wall, to foster and produce that which they pray for—the Spirit and likeness of Christ.

For is it not true that souls—like plants—flower best in small pots?

I know a case in point, a man—he has not long been saved from a wild and reckless life, and his wife is a drunkard.

Here is truly "growth by resistance." She sells up his home, pawns his uniform, hinders and tries and balks him in every conceivable way. And that man's soul develops, his spiritual life grows, and the very expression on his face is a blessing as he walks along.

And when his love and patience and trust in God are perfected, the Lord will break the shell, and the trial will slip away, but the blessings of the trial will remain with him for ever.

"All Thine, World."

WAR CRY WITNESS BOX

Frank Cunningham, the "Hallelujah Scotchman," Testifies.

BACKSLIDERS MAY BE RESTORED.

JUST A FEW WORDS to let the readers of the War Cry know the Lord his loved me, and how he keeps me day in and day out.

Us Scotchies, ye ken, are rather pritty guidie or ver uncoo bad. Well, a wis yin o' the bad kind.

If this happens to catch the e'en o' any backslider that thinks there's na mair hope, that thinks there's na mair awa' their day of grace, let me tell them, the auld sinner had me in the same boat.

Am a backslider brought back tae the Lord. For mair than two year, I thought there wasna hope for me. 'Til I deilid ma Saviour, 'A' had crucified Him afresh. I wis lost! lost! I damnd!!! Ma day o' grice wis past!

But things be the God. A plauded the "Whosoever," an it aivalid fur ther backslider as well as any ither body.

Dear backslidden berither or slater, it's auld nick work to mak ye believe there's na mair hope for ye, but dinna faur yourself we him, he's a loe, 'a'ways wis, 'a'ways will be. Plead the "Whosoever berither," the God. He winna turn ye awa, I'm shure o' that.

God bless ye.

Get heek tae Jesus. He's whare fac ye come ye. Frae the Lord.

Set Yourself to Work for God.

By the Late MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

The world is dying! Do you believe it? You are called by the wants of the world. Begin nearest home if you like, by all means. I have little faith in those people's ministrations who go abroad after others, while their own are perishing at their bedside. But not to end there. "Oh! yes," people say, "begin at home;" but they end there; you never hear of them anywhere else, and it comes to very little when they do. I have heard of all. God has ordained that the two shall go together. God told me to do it. Go to Him for the equipment of power and then begin. Never mind how you tremble. I dare say your trembling will do more good than if you were over so brave. Never mind the tears. I wish Christians would weep the Gospel into the people. I would often go deeper than it does. Never mind if you do stagger. They will believe you when it comes from the heart. They will say, "This is the quiet, natural." As a man said, some time ago—wondering that he should be talked to about religion in a natural way—"but how we mock you in the city! I'll detect it in a minute. Go to the closet until you get filled with the Spirit, and then go and let it out upon them. Pray as you go, and let your heart out to the people." Get your heart full of the living water and then open the gate and let it flow out. Look upon the people as the hand and the heart of the living water. My friend, you are dying, you are going to overtake death. If any do, I don't know how to tell you. I have come to tell you. My friend, you have a precious soul. Is it saved? They can understand that!



PEOPLE WHO DON'T MAKE PENITENTS.

Some Bandemen pray as well as play; these remain to the prayer-meeting and pray souls into the Fountain, whom they have played into the Hall. Others

again are all music; these leave the prayer-meeting to others, even when their circumstances would permit of their remaining to the prayer-meetings.

(FOR LUMBERMEN.)

(Our Rascus Storyteller.)

THAT SHAKE OF THE HAND.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

By CORYDON.

HE SAT IN THE BACK SEAT of our Barracks, restless, and evidently uncertain how to act.

When the rest of the boys' rose and left, he remained in his seat.

I had noticed him. I approached him, spoke about his seat. He had a fine, open, honest face, and was dressed after the manner of men employed in the woods.

He did not answer me with the usual "ang froud" of his class. No.

"Are you desirous of Salvation?" was the query. "You know what God will do for you?"

"Ah!" he said, "Yes, I know—my mother—and here I noticed a ten-drop fall on to the leg of his rough pants—trained me up in the right way, she did"—tears—and I did not walk in it."

"She's gone, eh?"—no!—to be with Jesus?"

"Yes, I know she's gone to be with Him."

"And you want to see her again?"

"Locking up quickly, he said, "Yes, I DO want to see her again."

"Then come out and get saved," I said.

He only shook his head, a mournful kind of a shake, but oh, it spoke volumes to my soul!

What prompted that shake? Methinks I know. As he rose and went out, a picture flashed to my mind.

I could see the lumber camp in the midst of the clearing in the woods the scores of rough, godless men. I could see the shanties at night, full of those men, the day's work at the river drive, with its scores of men along those banks driving those logs, filling the air with their oaths and curses.

And yet there was a picture, methinks, was pictured in that man's mind—pictured by the Devil, who saw the tears and the hoarse breath, and with his great subtlety, raised before his mind's eye in letters maybe of fire, that cruel, IMPOSSIBLE TO LIVE CHRIST THERE!

AND YET THERE IS A CHRIST. Who is King of lumber camps and saw-mills—those places where the Word of God seldom, if ever, reaches—a power for YOU, my brother, are a lumberman, and that will enable you to stand for Christ, and bear the fire unflinchingly, a Christ with Whom you can commune, though surrounded by his enemies, at all times.

Try it, for Jesus' sake, and for your poor, old, maybe—dead—forgotten mother, who taught you to lip a prayer, which, perhaps, in all your wanderings, you have not forgotten. Try it, I say. YOU MUST prove this IF EVER YOU ARE GOING TO GAIN HEAVEN.

IT IS NOT of the Eliza of Uncle Tom's Cabin fame we are going to write. Our Eliza hasn't the black skin with the stars of years.

When Eliza was born, in the little, humble home, her Christian father and mother loved and caressed the little one, and never dreamed, as they listened to the innocent prattle, and watched their darling at play, that she would ever become a besotted drunkard.

The years of her childhood had scarcely passed when, alas! death entered the home, taking away both father and mother, and she, poor child, after the last sad rites had been performed, and her loved ones laid away from her sight, was taken to the home of her sister, who some years before had married a drunkard, and had now become nearly as bad as her husband.

"If you will not drink it, I will throw it over you," her sister said one day, a short time after she entered her home, and she held the glass, filled with that accursed stuff that blights and ruins so many bodies and souls, and the frightened child swallowed the contents of the glass.

Then began her downward career.

She drank and did as the others did after that.

"I lived anywhere," she says, "and went on for years and years," until, one Sunday afternoon, a lady asked her if she would like to go with her to the "Drunken Women's Home."

She answered, "Yes," glad to think she could have a home somewhere.

She had such an uncontrollable temper she—oh, what a very peevish, and thus made it uncomfortable for the other inmates, and one of the Committee had to be sent for when her temper was aroused, to take her home.

After a time, Eliza found herself adrift again on the world. She went on in the old way, until she heard of the Salvation Army Rescue Home, and thought within herself, "I'll find that place, if it takes me all day to do it!"

It did not take her all day: a friendly lady directed her, and she found her ringing the bell, and asking to be admitted.

Eliza was readily admitted into the Home and told of Jesus, who could save from all sin.

Poor, weary, sin-sick Eliza knelt and asked her mother's God to pardon and save her.

Was she cast out? No, never—Jesus never casts out any who come to Him in true repentance, and to use her own words, "He's a great hand at forgiving folks."

Is she still good, you ask?

For nearly two years not a drop of the demon drink has she touched her lips, and her own testimony to-day is: "I'm as happy as a bee. God has done so much for me."

JESSIE McDONALD.

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SERVING POVERTY'S GRAY HAIRS, (By A. L. P.).

"WAR CRY" WAR.

SERIAL STORIES:—"DAD SLOSS," "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS," "DEAD RHOKE."

SONGS.

WAR CRY

THE COMMISSIONER'S GLORIOUS WEEK-END CAMPAIGN.

A wave of awakening interest and enthusiasm characterizes the Commissioner's visit to any city. The tremendous successes of Hamilton and St. Catharines are the two latest proofs of this well-recognized fact. Everywhere her meetings are attended by greater (and in many cases overwhelming) crowds, substantially increased open-air, frequently doubled and trebled finances, while a gathering together of old and new outside friends of the cause is ever an encouraging feature of her recent campaigns. Indeed, it seems as if the advent of the Commissioner has vied a new lease of vigorous and prosperous life to the Local Corps in many centres.

The after effects of blessing are even mightier upon the Army's efforts in such places than the actual event and benediction of our leader's presence at the time.

"MONK" OR MAN, WHICH?

"First of all an undertaker was sent for to embalm the deceased canine. After this was done, 'Monk' was tenderly laid in a white broadcloth draped casket, trimmed with cream-colored satin. The employees bought a large wreath of roses and placed it on top of the casket with a pillow place from the travelling salesman of the firm. Mr. Curtis showed his respect to 'Monk' by buying a large bouquet of lilies and putting care on his hat.

"At two o'clock yesterday afternoon the funeral procession moved from the office of the factory, where 'Monk's' body had laid for thirty days. The pallbearers were Charles Stockler, 'My' Parker, C. A. Hurlburt and Max Bremer. The funeral was in a vacant lot in the rear of the casket factory. Mr. Curtis being Master of Ceremonies. A quartette was sung, 'The Vacant Chair,' and 'Monk' was lowered into his grave.

"The above was great and contemporary. No fault do we find with kindness shown to any living creature, but in the name of God why should money be thus lavishly wasted on the carcass of a dog, when the living starving poor are actually knocking at our door for shelter and a crust wherewith to keep body and soul together?

WANTED-ANOTHER JUBILEE.

PRESIDENT MCINLEY'S kindly message to Queen Victoria on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee, was an expression of respect and an evidence of that good-will existing between the Empire and the Republic, which all right-thinking men desire to see fostered. We venture to say, that, to a people, the British have never entertained such warm and brotherly sentiments towards America, and certainly they do not now. In the broad Republic, as well as throughout the Queen's vast domains, the coming of the Salvation Army is blessed with a measure of liberty unparalleled elsewhere, where we are Salvationists, whether Canadians or Americans, rejoice in whatever tends to increase the spirit of brotherhood between the two peoples so favorable to our organization, while those who dwell under the flag of the Empire will join voices with the myriads of others in the anthem, "God save the Queen." The position of the Salvation Army, by God's goodness, abundantly answered. We would like now to see another Jubilee, not of the Empire, but of the world, when all the nations would unite in recognizing practically the Kingship of Christ, and when all men would give thanks in a rightful place in each heart and life.

West Ontario's Welcome

TO - IT'S - NEW - PROVINCIAL - OFFICERS.



MAJOR SOUTHALL.

ON TUESDAY EVENING, June 10, our new leaders, Major and Mrs. Southall, were welcomed to the West Ontario Province in right royal fashion. Their initiation meeting was held in the Citadel at London. The unavoidable absence of the Chief Secretary, Staff-Captain Turner very ably conducted the arrangements, while every Officer and Soldier present did their utmost to make our worthy Provincial Officer and his estimable wife feel at home in every way possible. A rousing march preceded the inside meeting, the Soldiers turning out in goodly numbers. After the opening song and prayer in the Citadel, Staff-Captain Turner called upon several Officers and Soldiers to represent the welcomes of different branches of the work.

The Social was well in evidence in the person of Captain Collier, who assured the Major that if he only stayed with the London people long enough and did not neglect to come often to the Shelter for a bowl of soup, he would acquire a much more striking resemblance to the Shelter's Captain (the Captain in question still holds his own with respect to style).

Bandmaster James Pope extended a hearty welcome to the Provincial Officer on behalf of the Band, and promised to help him in every way possible. He also humorously advised the Major

MIGHTY MASS MEETING IN TORONTO.

Huge Crowd Impressed for God and Eternity.

At close of day's indoor warfare, Temple Corps assembled in open-air for Jubilee Mass Meeting. Brigadier General assisted by Staff-Captain Minnie, Adjutants Manton, Hay, Burditt, Ensign Kenning and others led. Huge numbers of people listened deeply impressed. Bright singing, rollicking testimony, powerful addresses, Augurs well for Summer Campaign.

ADJT BYERS SAYS GOOD-BYE TO LISGAR ST.

(Special).

Farewell of Adjutant Byers at Lisgar Corps. He was at Brigadier and Mrs. Read and Staff-Captain Minnie. Grand time. Good audience. Three souls.

Lisbon, N.D.—Visit of Brigadier Bennett—Barracks Packed—Sinners Saved.

Brigadier was with us for Saturday and Sunday. His first visit was on Saturday. He was an inspiration to us all. God bless him. Saturday night we had a glorious Free-and-Easy. Sunday (Kne-drell) was here, and accepted our renewed consecrations. Holiness meeting a time of blessing and encouragement to all, both sinner and saint. The afternoon meeting was a good, lively time. The Brigadier dealing with the people for Eternity. At night there was a big attendance as at all the meetings. God came right in our midst and made this last meeting the best of all. Thank God our work was not in vain. Three souls came out, while the Brigadier was with us, and definitely

to improve his health by dealing at the butcher's shop where he works.

In typical Scotch accent, Brother Angers gave expression to the welcome of the Local Officers. Adjutant Cass spoke of theSoldier and Brother John Barrett assured the new-comers of the good-will and practical sympathy of the citizens in general and the Crisis in particular while they labored in their midst in faithful service to the lost and fallen. Lieutenant Osler spoke on behalf of Staff-Captain Cowan and the Rescue work, while Field Officers and Soldiers outside the city were represented by Ensigns Savage and McKonzie respectively. Adjutant Arkitt, speaking for the Staff Officer, gave a warm welcome also the Majors.

Although extremely fatigued after their journey of several days on the cars from Spokane, Major and Mrs. Southall both spoke, expressing themselves as deeply affected by the many kind words that had been said and assuring all present that during their stay in the West Ontario Province, be it long or short, they would earnestly strive to do their duty in all things, and to show themselves to be indeed worthy of the trust not to be ashamed.

The whole meeting was such as to confirm the belief that our new leaders are the right persons in the right places. If the same spirit of unity and faithfulness is maintained throughout as was manifested then, our new Provincial Officers need not be ashamed, that continual victory will be theirs.

J. H. M.



MRS. MAJOR SOUTHALL.

gave themselves to God, and three more, who had hitherto not known the Cleansing Power of Christ's Blood, sought an earnest Salvation. The God, The Brigadier has come, but has left behind him cheered hearts and determined fighters. We are looking forward to the visit of our District Officer, Ensign Thomas, next week. Will let you know how we get along later on.

LEUT. A. J. W. TONGUE.

THE SITUATION IN INDIA.

LATE NEWS from India's sorry-stricken land states that the famine distress is becoming more and more dire. The grain is still rising in price. With the above appalling tidings comes news of the progress of relief work of the Salvation Army. We now employ 1,500 people, and have forty grain depots in operation. Colonel Raj Singh, writing from East Feroza, says he has seen as many as 800 persons relieved in one day at a depot. He describes the gratitude of those assisted as being beyond expression, while he says that such is their destitution that some have not even a piece of cloth in which to put their portion of grain. The Colonel speaks of the Government as doing a magnificent relief work, but their efforts of help are chiefly in the cities, while our efforts are mainly directed towards the woes of the suffering villagers. The monsoon has now started and in some districts several inches of rain give promise of food in plenty in the future. The upheaval of an alarming earthquake has added to the affliction in some parts, while the thermometer is registered, it is reported, as being the highest on record. Amidst all this sorrow, want and catastrophe, our devoted Officers are meeting with zeal an additional opportunity of getting close into the life of the people by loving and serving them for Christ's sake.

MIXTURES.

Brigadier Margrath is much better and has a complexion brown as a berry.

Adjutant Byers talked on "When and Where to Get Married" recently at Lisgar Barracks.

Prayers are very often offered up (by the Statistical Department) for delinquents in sending in their figures.

Brigadier Read has printed a very useful memorandum card for Field Officers, showing a list of the regular payments due from their Corps.

A Toronto firm "have a prayer meeting from 7 till 7.30, and pay their men for the time spent in the meeting.

Staff-Captain Har-ave and two lady biscuits got "kinder" mixed in the harmless collision lately. The Staff-Captain is becoming a proficient wheed-man.

Twenty minutes to one I went to bed this a.m. I was helping somebody through till twelve last night at the barracks.—"Extract from Ensign Kenning's office chat."

Major Southall and Staff-Captain Turner are getting up a pamphlet advertising the Commissioner's analog tour. Photographs of the leading officers will appear therein.

"If you want an 'All the World,' 'Devil's Own,' or 'Conqueror,' see Sergeant Beatty. It is a new one, the seal of the St. Catharines Barracks. This Brother is the Publication Sergeant, and is a huster, and no mistake.

Captain Lowe, who has just far-well from St. Catharines, called at T. H. Q. recently. He says the people there are the best he ever met, and he never felt so sad at leaving a place. Things are booming over there.

Juag Jones (so we believe) of Bradford, attended Adjutant and Mrs. Creighton's welcome meeting and voluntarily gave them a welcome. He said that when a certain other organization got too stuck up, the Lord sent the Army along.

A London newspaper man said Brigadier Read was the only person in four years who had spoken to him about his soul's Salvation. And a reporter said the only man who had asked after his soul's welfare in five years was a blacksmith.

The Union Station Baggage and Customs Agent, Toronto, told Captain Daburn (better known as "Pock") that he had less trouble in his department with Army people than other people on the earth.

The following appeared in a New York paper: "The Salvation Army have formed a Recycling Corps, and when riding has notices such as the following hung on their wheels: 'We're recapturing the devil's tire.' 'We're searching on to glory.' 'We will reclaim all that have slid-slip-slip.'"

Brigadier Read has issued a number of collecting books in Central Ontario Province on behalf of the Sick and Wounded Fund of a unique kind. Each page of the book is marked out into squares, each of which form a receipt for five cents, a whole page contains a dollar's worth of receipts. When the collector gets a donation he tears off for the donor a receipt equal to the value of the amount given.

A Few North-West C.B.M. Tips.

Mrs. Swain, L. B. A., Neepawa, takes her place on the train and the Salvation Army. Sister Pierce, L. B. A., Neepawa, collects after meetings.

Mrs. Brown, Birtle, Man., sells her War Crisps and puts the cash in the box. Brother Seram, Moose Jaw, takes his box in his pocket and solicits occasionally.

Mrs. Hunting, L. B. A., Brandon, has some of her little needs in a neighbouring village collect in a box. KENZIE, Provincial Agent G. R. M.

Oakes, N.D.

Still on the up-grade, Captain Harkirk with us for three days. Good meetings. Ice-Cream Social a big success. Victory through the Harkirk, Harkirk and McLean, for Captain Charlton.

Nelson, B.C.

Our new Officers, Captain Stevens and Lieutenant Southwell, are getting into the swing of things. Their first important meetings are the order of the day. Young Comrades coming to the front! collections good and prospects bright. Brother Arthur M. Bribery.

BRIGADIER HOWELL

AND

Chancellor's Welcome Meetings in Spokane.



The Field Commissioner at St. Catharines.

WARM-HEARTED FOLK are characteristic of the Garden City. Their joy at the thought that Miss Booth had consented to give St. Catharines a Sunday made them almost afraid that it should be too good to be true. But all doubts vanished in delighted certainty as she drove past the open-air stand on Saturday night. At the groups of staunch-hearted warriors at the street corner came into view, the look on the Commissioner's face spoke volumes for the inspiration which the sight of her people at their post was to her.

Interest was Rampant.

Even on the boat thither we had discovered what excitement was awakened over our leader's visit. Continual enquiries were made for and about her, and some disappointment was manifest when it was found that she was not on board. However, 8 p.m. on the same date found the Field Commissioner enlisting for the "Lakeside homes," having come by another route. "What a lovely place!" exclaimed our leader, as she stood at the Quarters' entrance, looking out upon nature's handwork.

Howe Can Like Wild Fire

through the city of her arrival, and the utmost anticipation of the morrow's meeting was kindled. The String Band from T. H. Q. did good service on Saturday night. The air was hot and oppressive, but the meeting was interesting, quiet, and one little girl knelt at the Cross.

The knee-dirt was richly enjoyed. It was a profitable time, and sealed by the Salvation of another soul. The holiness meeting was a deeply spiritual battle. Soldiers and sailors were the chief characteristics—consequently God spoke. Staff-Captain Minnie led some typical testimonies. Mrs. Edna Read and Mrs. Major Gaskin spoke to the hearts of the crowd. The termination of the gathering was a happy affair indeed. The drummer and the previous night spoken crossly to the Sergeant-Major. He felt condemned for it, and "had slept very poorly all through the night. He cast himself at the Cross, sought deliverance and found it. All glory to Jesus! God gave our leader

Glorious Weather

for her afternoon and night meeting. We took particular note that most of the morning prayers had been filled with petitions for the Commissioner. "Bless her!" "Help her!" "Strengthen her!" "Bear her up!" were the exclamations. And He did it. The Opera House was well-fitted for such gatherings. Neat and new, with admirable acoustic properties, it "filled the big hall right, the top of the dome." It was an immense disadvantage there was with regard to the warm weather, but we wish "Cry!" when our leader spoke. "Cry!" as Miss Booth entered, accompanied by her Staff. In a dense mass the crowd rose to their feet to welcome her. At once

External Business was Began.

"Let us sing of His love once again" was lifted away to the roof. Staff-Bible singing made it feel free. Bells in hand, the Commissioner stood to read, but before she began, "Willie" was put down at the table, and sang a few choruses. The audience was captivated. How they clapped as his sweet, small voice resounded around the building. When our leader spoke forth a veritable torrent of truth upon the people. Deep indeed were her probings. Thrust after thrust did she give to the consciences of her hearers. Her burden, her sorrow, was not for their future altogether, but for the black list of sins, of disobediences, of shame, of backslidings, written against the names of many then looking into her eyes. Old men, young men,

done and is doing, were for the first time brought into close touch with its principles and its objects, as the Commissioner spoke.

The influence for good thus made on the Garden City was

Worth Thousands of Dollars

to the Army's local work. Money could not do what God assisted the Commissioner in doing that day. The afternoon effort was a great strain upon our leader. Close and oppressive had been the Opera House, and we involved somewhat as to the Commissioner's strength lasting out. Again she bravely took her stand at night, and faced a big crowd. But, unfortunately her physical powers showed signs of giving out. Giddiness seized her as she stood to declare God's message. She was forced to leave the platform and a wave of sympathy swept over the audience. "I'll try and come in later on," said the Commissioner, as she retired to an ante-room. Brigadier and Mrs. Itard and Major Gaskin jumped into the breach for a few minutes, and then a general sigh of relief came upon us as they left. The Commissioner's face was seen appearing from the side of the stage to the platform. Though still weak and trembling, she seized the table and for fully twenty minutes poured out volley after volley of Gospel truth, warning and counsel, and a surprise on her part, and she was supremely upheld. More than one of that great audience showed that they were

Pried to the Heart.

and quickly the tears flowed down some cheeks. Though not seeing much visible result, yet who can estimate the eternal issues of those special meetings?

The Commissioner and her Staff were able to return on the "Lakeside," early

Cosmopolitan News.

IN THE STATES RECENTLY, a man and his wife put into their Mercy-Box one cent for every year they had lived. "WHAT RELIGIOUS PAPER has the largest circulation in the world?" was asked in a Texan paper "The War Cry," was the reply, giving figures. "ARMY DUTY FRIEND" has donated \$120 to our Social work in Holland. "MANLINESS is the topic of one of the latest South African Crys. It is an inspiring number. "DELIVERANCE FROM UYUWALA AND UGWAI was the aim of eleven Zulu holiness seekers in a meeting held by the Zulu District Officer recently. "AN UMBRELLA hung with lanterns was carried by an Indian lady in an Australian dance. DUTCH missionaries which followed the local billiard rooms and card tables are reported as being empty. "THE COMMANDANT wonder for word says the New Zealand Cry. "IN BUENOS AYRES, during one month our Shelter accommodated 1,440 men. "ADJUTANT PERRY, of Australian fame, who travels with limelights and cinematograph apparatus, has taken \$500 at a recent week-end. "THE BRITISH CONSUL in Monte Video has commenced to send his poor children to the shelter. "THE CHILDREN'S SHELTER is the latest Australian Social proposition. "ANOTHER MEMBER of the well-

known Carleton family has recently been married—Captain Edith, to Staff-Captain Tom Lewis. "THE NAVAL AND MILITARY LEAGUE have in India 46 Branches and 24 Military leaders. "THE MARCHALE has a wonderful day with the miners and iron workers of Marchiennes, Belgium.

"LEUT. W. L. AND MRS. KEPPEL have arrived from the Coast of the South Pacific on a furlough to England, after an absence of nearly fourteen years from the Old Country.

"A JUNIOR AUXILIARY LEAGUE is now started in the States, of which the first member is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel French.

"THE ARMY has ten day-schools in Cape Colony, Natal, and the Orange Free State. "A MOHAMMEDAN PRINCE is a Cadet in the Barrill-y (North India) Training Home. His name is Sultan Mahomed Mirza.

"THE MISHONARY LEAGUE now numbers over 43,344 members. "THE SAILORS' HOME AT YOKOHAMA is doing good service. For a few seen the crowd of seven who frequent the port can get comfort and Salvation care.

"THE NEW ENGLISH HEADQUARTERS at Holmslofters is well under weigh, and is to reach completion by the time of the General's visit. "THE SOCIAL LAZETTE SERGEANT VIGAN, of England, is a wonderful trophy of grace, having served twenty years of penal servitude.

"THE BRIGADIER WILMER has just concluded a very successful tour among the coloured people of South Africa.

"The act of praise brings the spirit of praise.—Phoebe Palmer.

NOTES.

Thanks are due to the Press for keeping the Commissioner's meetings so well before the eye of the public.

"Religion's a good thing for that child, anyhow," said a listener to little Willie's song.

The financial proceeds of the two meetings were \$75. A phenomenal record.

"Who were those four men in red?" asked some one, pointing to the four members of the Staff Band in the open air procession. On being informed he said, "Well, they do add to the Band."

A professor of music who listened to the strains of the String Band on the boat, said: "That music and singing fit far above the standard of Army music."

"Pointed, piercing, pungent!" is Major Gaskin's description of the Commissioner's addresses.

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"SPOKANE next station!" announced the brakeman. This was a joyful sound to us, after a long and weary ride of 2,200 miles—four days and four nights on the cars. A few moments later the train steamed into the station. It was again to see Major Southall's and Ensign Barr's faces on the platform. While going through the usual hand-shaking, the sounds of music caught our ears, and there, outside the depot, stood a crowd of happy Soldiers, also smiling, with colors flying and Band playing to welcome us. This was an attractive surprise, and after such hearty and enthusiastic volleys of welcome as they gave us, we could not help but be greatly attracted. After a few appropriate words from the Brigadier, and a duet from Staff-Captain and Mrs. Watson, we were escorted to the Provincial Headquarters by the Officers and Soldiers.

Saturday and Sunday had been arranged for our meetings. Crowds surrounded the open-air meetings, and listened most attentively to the Brigadier's singing and concertina playing.

The Hall was filled with a typical Western crowd, which one could scarce find anywhere else. From their attire and general appearance, they were all right, to the poor Indians, with their buckskin moccasins and scarlet blankets, who counted in to hear the new sumers, everybody seemed to receive us well. The cow-boys who happened to be in the city, took in the Army; the farmers, the mechanics, laborers, drunks, theatre-goers, all nationalities, kinds and classes, listened to the Brigadier's singing, and, attentive, quiet, well-behaved, impressive and good-hearted. One soul sought Salvation at the first meeting.

Sundays meetings were splendid for crowds, souls and finances, finishing up with fourteen souls for Salvation and "God bless the Church of God!"

Ensign and Mrs. Barnes wisely arranged a Soldiers' Tea for Tuesday evening with the Brigadier. After an enjoyable repast, the Brigadier continued his hopes and schemes for the Pacific Province to the Soldiers, which were enthusiastically received, especially the opening of the proposed opening of a Shelter in Spokane. We held in all a week's meetings, and had a total of 20 souls pardoned and clean.

The Soldiers were inspired and blessed. The Officers were encouraged, the public pleased, and a good impetus was given to the work generally.

We have received most hearty letters of welcome from the Officers all over the Province, which are very much appreciated.

Ensign and Mrs. Barnes have done a good work here. Mrs. Barnes at present is sadly indisposed, but we trust after a month in the mountains she will be all right again. The Ensign is as happy as ever. He has evidently adapted himself to the Americans very well indeed.

The Soldiers impressed us as a most hearty, whole-hearted, earnest band of men and women, devoted to God, souls and the Army. They received us right loyally. God bless them!

We start tomorrow for British Columbia, to expect to be away over two weeks. The Brigadier opens the new Shelter in Vancouver on Tuesday, June 2nd. Look out for news from B. C.

Yours fighting,
J. WATSON.

FIELD COMMISSIONER

MISS BOOTH

Assisted by the FAMOUS STAFF BRASS BAND will visit

LONDON July 3, 4, 5
STAFFORD July 6
GALT July 7

God has thrown every thunderbolt possible in the path of the wicked to stop him on his downward way to hell.

—THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

Giddy, Careless Ones Wined

under the seething, burning truths as they literally poured from the heart and lips of our Gospel Commissioner. It is interesting to note that many that afternoon who for years had been prejudiced against the Army, and totally indifferent as to what it had

That which prayer and communion with



Bro. Fletcher, Ahmic Harbor.

GAIN the Death Angel has taken me from our midst—Brother Fletcher, who has been a faithful Soldier for the past nine months, has said good-bye to earth and loved ones, and is enjoying the mansions above. His last days were peaceful. His last words were, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

The funeral at the barracks was conducted in true Army style. This being the first Army funeral, a large crowd gathered, some to see the last remains, and some out of curiosity.

A procession of about 200 people marched to the grave-yard, where the body was entered to await the resurrection.

The Memorial Service on Sunday night was a time of power and God was in our midst. Two souls sought the blessing of a clean heart, while four hands were raised desiring Salvation.

Brother Fletcher leaves a wife and a large family to mourn his loss, but we did them "mourn not as others which have no hope." We pray for the bereaved family that still remain. Five are Soldiers and mean to fight.

CAPTAIN BARKER.

Wm. Wells, Gooseberry Island, Nfld.

"I shall soon be at rest." Such were the words that fell from the lips of our dear Comrade just before he crossed the river. After five months' suffering he passed away. He fought valiantly for nine years. Sickness kept him from the front sometimes, but he never gave up. He showed to all around that he was a true Salvationist. By his life he encouraged others. Just before he passed away he told me give him an Army funeral, saying, "I have fought in the Army, I am a Soldier, but it's all over now. So we gave him an Army funeral, and as he was going to the grave we sang, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee," giving ourselves to God afresh and promising to meet Him in the Land of the Hosts. — E. BRACKS, Captain.

—||—||—

An Old Warrior's Resting Place, Roland, Man.

Sacred to the Memory of Sergeant-Major
Robert Lytelle, Died May 23rd, 1896.

About eighteen miles from Moncton, we came to Mrs. Lytelle's farm. From her we heard the story of her husband's faithfulness and devotion in life and also in death. He was converted in the early days of the Army in Canada, at a meeting in Ontario, where he had command there. He held various positions of responsibility in the Corps, and for some time before he left for Manitoba, was a sergeant-major. Mrs. Lytelle speaks very feelingly of his devotedness to God and the Army through all these years of warfare. His uniform, map and compass were sacred treasures in that home. The mention of his name will cause thoughts to come in the minds of many acquaintances in Ontario. His voice will still seem to call the wicked from his way. His hand will still seem to be stretched out in entreaty. The words, "Ye faithful, Comrades," will echo again as memory brings to view his earnest manner, when he was saying "Good-bye" at the time of his leaving for the West, where so soon he was to lay down his sword.

He came with bright hopes, desiring to have his large family all beside him, but in two short months the messenger from on high called him away.

His body lies under the prairie sod. The green grass in the summer and the white snow in the winter covers the resting place of our comrade. His spirit, roaming o'er vaster plains than these, and basking in eternal sunshine. He called all the family around him as the end drew near, and charged them to all keep united and be true to God and meet him in Heaven, then prayed for them and gave them a father's blessing. God is answering the prayers of that dying saint for the unity and success of the family is remarked by all who know them.

Although dead, yet our Comrade speaketh. "Oh, let me die the death of the righteous. Let my last end be like his." — PHOS. MCGILL, Captain.

Heaven is full of salvation, and God just keeps it to give away! — Anon.



Capt. Tooker.

Lieut. Nell.

Two Western Scribes, Winnipeg Provincial Headquarters.

PROSPECTING ON A WHEEL.

Thrilling Experiences of a District Officer.

Being about to proceed upon some scouting around the district with a view to the opening up of new Corps, one of the Soldiers requested me to make the trip on a wheel—he offering to accompany me.

Consenting to the arrangement, we started last Monday for Langdon, leaving at 5:15 a.m., expecting to make Langdon 70 miles distant that night. And so we should have done had it not been for the roads. The prairie is not very good to ride over (especially when it has been burnt) and the little rose-husk tires are not the best of things for one's tyres. We had to push our wheels along while

Mosquitoes in Thousands

kept us company.

We travelled from noon on Monday until about 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning without seeing a house. During this time, we had nothing to eat and had to wade sometimes through swamps by day and lie on the prairie ground by night. You should have heard our teeth chatter.

We pushed on as best we could, and at last came to a cabin or shanty on the prairie. Nobody was at home, but we were so hungry that we commenced to make our breakfast. We had eggs, bread and pickles, with some tea, and the people not coming back before we explained, and 50 cents to pay for our meal.

We arrived in Langdon about one o'clock. We took in the possibilities of the place and secured a hall. After a little rest, which we felt in need of, being rather tired, we started next day for Daniels, where some eight or ten Soldiers live. We arrived in good time for tea, and Sister A. Morris informed her husband that the Officers were going to lead the meeting that night. Although the letter that I wrote telling him, this Sister had a conviction in

her soul that we were going to be there. We had a good time, and on the following night I dedicated a baby and

Enrolled the Grandmother

of the baby, who is seventy-four years of age. How those soldiers long for officers come in and help them. We left on Friday morning for Canby, doing our last 40 miles in four and a-half hours, from Canby to Devil's Lake.

I also visited Minot a few days ago, where we had good crowds, good meetings and good finances. I was specially glad to see old faces, as I opened this Corps about a year ago.

Since the sending of the last report in, have had two souls at Devil's Lake. We are just now expecting big things for the Brigadier's coming visit.

ROBERT SMITH, Ensign, Devil's Lake.

A Remarkable Scene at a Night Supper in Melbourne.

Commandant Mrs. Booth arranged a midnight supper for the Daughters of Despair in Melbourne recently. We will follow from Mrs. Booth's description of the meeting:

"DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT MY MOTHER!" almost gasped one of them. I have a mother somewhere, and I know her heart is breaking over me."

At the pentient-form words were uttered that are surely too sacred to place on paper; stories were told that would cause the most indifferent heart to ache with compassion. Particularly there was one beautiful story. I felt I could have taken her in my arms and kissed her for my own.

"Oh, Mrs. Booth," she cried, "I am so miserable. I have only just come in from the theatre, but I felt I could not stay away from here. I am so sick and tired of this life! I do want to be good! I will go with you wherever you please. We shall take her to our Home, so perhaps her mother may yet clasp her profligate child to her arms once more. What a surprising time it was! It seemed as the very devil himself was chained, and could not get at us to mar the solemnity of the occasion whilst a thorn-crowned Christ stood with outstretched arms in our midst."



NELSON CORN, B. C.

"Here is my baby," said a dear girl, "whatever I may be myself, I should like my boy to grow up good, wish you would dedicate him to God for me." So I took the little innocent thing in my arms and presented him before the Lord. "Robert George Victor," praying for him, and pledging that the Lord would overrule the circumstances of his birth and make him a man of noble character and devotedness. "There is another," they said, as I handed him back to his mother. "There is another—bless her too." So I prayed for the second child also. Who can tell that these babes, given up to God in this curious scene at two o'clock in the morning, may not yet become a mighty power for the Kingdom?

Carlton, Charlottetown and Summerside

Visited by Major Englebrecht, Adjutant
Cape Assembling Juniors to
the Front.

In company with Mrs. Pugmire and Adjutant Galt, I spent a recent Sunday night at CHARLTON, where Captain and Mrs. Knight are holding the reins. A special week-end's series of meetings were being held to commemorate the 25th anniversary. A good crowd gathered together, but we had no visible results. Monday night we had united meeting of all City Corps to take part in wind-up of anniversary.

The following Friday "Little Myrtle" and myself boarded the cars for special week-end's campaign at CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., where Adjutant Galt, who had been to Cape Breton, met us. Ensign Hendricks, Captain Sabine and Lieutenant Coolen had made arrangements for a nice welcome on the Saturday night. This was my first visit to this wonderful city. The Salvation Army appeared in force, and met up with the people, and is much respected for its work's sake. Ensign Hendricks read to us an address of welcome, and the Juniors sang a welcome song. We spent a beautiful week-end, and as the meetings continued, the tide of spiritual power and power increased. God was present.

The Lyceum Hall had been secured for the Sunday, when a large crowd (more than we could get up in our barracks) took possession of the building. On Tuesday night the Band of Love children went through drills in almost perfect style, much to the delight of everybody. Under the Ensign, both the Junior Soldier and Band of Love were progressing gloriously. Three Bands of Love children have been formed and another is being started. Everybody was pleased to see and hear Adjutant Galt, the one who has been so much loved here, and her son was well appreciated. Little Myrtle sang in nearly every meeting, and was near by scolded by some Soldiers and friends. Two souls came to God for the pardon of their sins. Charlottetown Soldiers and friends have endeared themselves to all newly-arrived men. I had the honour of being billeted with Professor Hawley.

WINSLOW, (Charlottetown's outpost) was also visited. Here we have a few faithful Soldiers, who have built their own Barracks. We had a splendid meeting, with all newly-arrived men. It was a wet night. We began with very few, but Lieutenant Coolen cheered us by telling us there were more on the road. God bless the faithful Winslow Comrades. Captain Sabine was nearly run down by a "huge play," but succeeded at last in getting away from the place.

SUMMERSIDE was next visited. Father Hinton and a few other dear, faithful Soldiers, with Captain Burt, at the head hold the fort. We spent two nights and God was present with us. Ensign Hendricks, the D. O., also accompanied us. I gave them a few facts and figures of the S. A. May the brave warriors of Summerside continue in, and go on to greater victory!

Yours in the Battle,

J. S. PUGMIRE.

Jamestown, N.D.

The victories we have been believing for are coming. During the past week nine souls for Salvation and three for Sanctification have been won. Captain Hinkirk helped us considerably. In spite of the hot weather, the work of soul-saving goes on. — M. Green, Ensign.

Butte.

Visit from Ensign Smith, Captain Burt, and twenty Soldiers and friends from Butte. Big crowds, good collections. After meeting, Ice-Cream Social. Cleared \$21.00. We also had a visit from Ensign Hinkirk, of the Helena, Home. Two souls in the Fountain. Hallelujah! We are all sorry to lose our new Major Southall, (God bless you, Major, in your new appointment) but we give a hearty welcome to our first Brigadier. Fire a volley! Butte say Amen! — Joe Tippett for Ensign Cowan.

WAR CRY WAR.

The Forthcoming Race.

The Chance of the Boomers' Year -
Open to All-Prizes for the
Valiant.



THE ANNOUNCEMENT of a great War Cry Race will fire ambition and enthusiasm in the breast of every Boomer. It is, indeed, the event of the year—the chance of the year—list, to give the blessed, soul-saving, soul-stirring Cry a hitherto unheard-of advance; 2nd, to personally distinguish one's self in a daring Salvation exploit. That a host of Boomers will immediately commence straightening themselves for this contest we take for granted. Now for a description of the race:

Captain MacIntyre's challenge was the first step towards it, though for a long while ideas have been simmering in the Editorial brain ready to rise to boiling pitch at the most appropriate moment for a world-stirring effort to push the interests of the Cry. That moment has now arrived. Interest, ideas, excitement are at boiling pitch, and the war cry will be spread throughout the booming world. Captain MacIntyre has sent us word that he will challenge any Boomer to do as they may, at selling the greatest number of War Cry within the space of three months on the understanding that such are sold outside the Barracks.

Such an inspiring offer will fit the aim immediately of Boomers' desires at a high figure. We have consented to publish the challenge for any Boomer to accept, and with which to enter into contest, and have laid plans down, which seem to promise a race mighty in valour, in which Boomers rally round (which they will).

Of course the very fact of the help to the Cry and the chance of extra zealous service to the war will fire every booming soul, but we cannot wish as a further inducement to success the pleasure to publish the offer of prizes. There will be three awarded:

1st Prize of eight dollars' worth of goods, to be purchased from the Trade Headquarters, to the Comrade who succeeds in selling the greatest number of Cry, apart from the Barracks.
2nd Prize of five dollars' worth of goods to the second best seller in the race.
3rd Prize of three dollars' worth in goods, to the one who sends in the record of the third highest number sold.

The few simple conditions of the Race we should like every intending racer to keep well in mind.

1. The Cry must all be sold outside the Barracks.

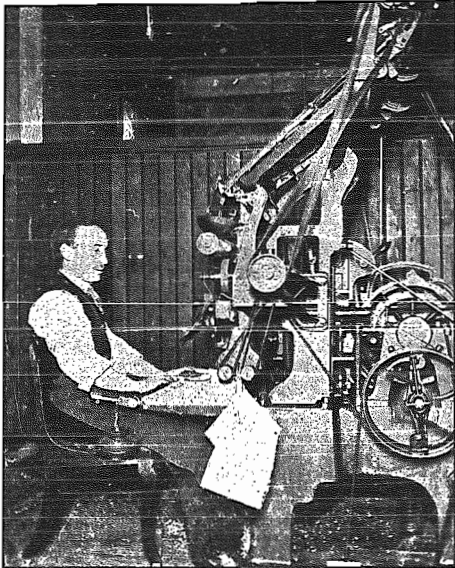
2. Only bona fide sales must be counted.
3. The totals sold by each must be sent in to the Editor regularly every week, upon the form provided. This is very important, as irregularity in forwarding totals may disqualify the War Cry's sale. What there will occupy the top places on the list when the race stops, out of the whole Territory?

The Race starts with the first week in July, and ends the last week of September.

The Race is open to all—Officer, Local Officer or private Soldier, and includes Comrades of every Corps in the Territory.

We feel it to be hardly necessary to add many words of inducement to our Comrades to enlist themselves for the contest. Now Boomers is the time for you to show yourselves valiant in the War Cry's sale. What there will occupy the top places on the list when the race stops, out of the whole Territory?

We give this week the photo of Mrs. Eileen Venn, a Comrade, who is a good and practical friend of the War Cry. In a letter to the Editor, she says: "I have been saved over eleven years. The next week after my Salvation I started to sell the War Cry, and I have



Our latest addition to the Auxiliary Roll—which includes on its list, by the way, Sir Oliver Mowat, and other prominent citizens, is Mr. Charles Clark, the typesetter, who manipulates the Linotype in producing the War Cry

week by week. The picture represents him at work at the Linotype, which is one of the most cleverly-constructed pieces of machinery used in connection with the Printing Department.

been selling it ever since. My cross has not always been light, there have been many dark clouds, but there has been sunshine as well. I have had many grand blessings to my own soul, and my heart has been cheered while hearing of others who have been blessed through reading the Cry. My experience since coming to Collingwood has been one of victory. The first week I could scarcely sell twenty-five Crys, but the sales have steadily increased each week, and now I sell from thirty to one hundred, and some weeks over the hundred. The people are very kind and use me well. They are always ready to take the Cry. I am always saved and love my booming work. In addition to the Cry-selling and ordinary Corps work, I have my two little children to attend to, and my house duties to perform; but God gives me grace and strength to accomplish it all.

We expect to see Mrs. Wynn's name figuring prominently in the Race now commencing. Here is an object lesson of what may be done to push the Cry in the busiest life.

ROLL OF HONOR.

THE CONQUERORS.

Sergt. Fred Bell, Hamilton, Ber..... 300
Cadet Martin, Windsor, N. S..... 150
Capt. Clark, New Glasgow (2 wks.) 140
Mrs. Adlt. Cane, London..... 144
Mrs. Adlt. McGillivray, New Glasgow (2 weeks)..... 143
Capt. Bragg, London..... 115
Capt. Hayes, Portage in Prairie..... 112
Father Armstrong, St. John..... 110
Ensign Kendall, Brockville..... 109

Mrs. Adlt. Phillips, Vancouver..... 108
Brother Edwin Cassitt, Sydney..... 102
Julia Laidston, St. John's H. Nfld..... 100
Capt. May, Victoria, B. C..... 100
Capt. Crogo, Quebec..... 100

THE UNDAUNTED.

Lieut. Thoen, Dillon..... 95
Ensign Fox, Port Hope (2 weeks)..... 91
Mrs. Fawcett Wynn, Collingwood..... 87
Lieut. Hickey, Westville..... 87
Sergt. Crane, New Glasgow (2 wks.) 87
Agnes McCann, Stratford..... 85
Mrs. Law, Victoria, B. C..... 80
Jennie Bloss, Cornwall..... 78
Lieut. Sleeth, Pembroke..... 77
Lieut. Thos. Bloss, Barrie..... 75
Lieut. McPherson, Bridgewater..... 75
Capt. Huntingdon, Hespeler..... 67
Mrs. Adlt. Phillips, Vancouver..... 65
Sergt. Terry, Lindsay..... 65
Cadet Woods, Goderich..... 63
Capt. Jarvis, Stratford..... 63
Lieut. Ollis, Yorkville..... 60
Mrs. Moore, Victoria, B. C..... 59
Capt. Lardner, Parrsboro, N. S..... 58
Capt. Welch, St. John I..... 58
Lieut. Pynn, Stratford..... 56
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich..... 54
Cadet Rueson, Winnipeg..... 52
Johnnie Morrison, North Bay..... 52
Cadet Hebb, St. John I..... 50
Sergt. Curwen, New Glasgow (2 weeks)..... 50
Father Dixon, Temple..... 50
Brother Barret, Montreal I..... 50
Mrs. Day, London..... 50
Mrs. Strong, London..... 50
Capt. Norman, Newport..... 50
Lieut. O'Neill, Newport..... 50
Maggie Holden, Windsor, N. S..... 50

THE ADVANCING.

Cadet Prentice, New Westminster..... 49
Lieut. Galt, Galt..... 49
George Yates, Hamilton..... 46
Mrs. Scott, Guelph..... 46
Capt. Greene, Campbellford..... 45

Edith Lindsay, Paris..... 45
Cadet Mainprize, Lippincott..... 44
Capt. Banks, Nanapan..... 44
Capt. Forsyth, Hamilton, Ber..... 42
Cadet Extrem, Winnipeg..... 42
John Hicks, Stratford..... 42
Sister Mortimer, Victoria..... 40
Cadet Barner, Winnipeg..... 39
Emma Van Norman, Guelph..... 37
Gussie Vallis, Hamilton, Ber..... 36
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside..... 36
Lieut. Weeks, Faversham..... 36
Jessie Ows, St. John I..... 35
Brother Duncan, Montreal I..... 35
Elmer Smith, Guelph..... 35
Nellie Helton, Glace Bay..... 34
Fred Palmer, London..... 33
Mrs. Thompson, Nanapan..... 33
Capt. Bloss, Montreal I..... 32
Edna McCormish, Westville, N. S..... 32
Capt. Redburn, Hamilton..... 31
Lieut. Bonney, Wingham..... 31
Lieut. Peacock, Stratford..... 31
Capt. Bryan, Brockville..... 31
Cadet Meredith, Winnipeg..... 30
Brother Mattice, Cornwall..... 30
Mrs. Capt. Clark, Brussels..... 30
Eva Simpson, Guelph..... 30
Sergt. E. Howell, Riverside..... 30

THE MEAN-TO-BES.

Lieut. Grosse, Nanapan..... 29
Brother Reid, St. John I..... 28
Lieut. Payton, Paris..... 27
Cadet Furlong, Galt..... 27
Ensign Orchard, Galt..... 27
Emma Hart, Wingham..... 27
Cadet Cowen, London, Ber..... 26
Almon Smith, Hamilton, Ber..... 26
Cadet Nettling, Lunenburg..... 25
Cadet Davidson, Winnipeg..... 25
Sergt. Mrs. Steven, Riverside..... 25
Sergt. Louisa Simmons, Port Hope..... 25
Sister Mrs. Bone, Barrie..... 25
Sister Mrs. Drury, Barrie..... 25
Ada Dippleck, London..... 25
Capt. McLeod, Goderich..... 25
Sergt. Beatrice Smith, Hamilton, Ber..... 24
Capt. Fitch, Seabrook..... 24
Dollie Flood, Hamilton, Ber..... 24
Sergt. Louisa Thompson, Port Hope..... 24
Sister G. Coley, Montreal I..... 24
Capt. Will, Paris..... 22
Sergt. S. Bonney, Seaford..... 22
Cadet Campbell, Lippincott..... 21
Sister Annie Brown, Port Hope..... 21
Sergt. Schnyder, Pembroke..... 21
Wm. Halcott, Seaford..... 20
George Pickering, Hamilton, Ber..... 20
Adlt. Moore, Riverside..... 20
Sister Mrs. Halcott, Seaford..... 20
Brother Douglas, Cornwall..... 20
Cadet Hydon, St. John's H. Nfld..... 20
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville..... 20
Sister J. Whitson, Montreal I..... 20
Mother Lewis, Montreal I..... 20

Moose Jaw, N.W.T.

Victory's upon our banner. Officers and Comrades in good fighting trim. Look out for cloud-bursts. Moose Jaw's alright.—J. H. Middagh, Reg. Cor.

Emerson.

Brigadier Bennett with us. A good time. We praise God for two backsliders and one prisoner for the week. Sister Halcott, Seaford, and greater things.—J. Mercer, Captain.

Minot, N.B.

One soul for the week. Captain Foy farewelled. Rev. Mr. Callahan was present at the Farewell meeting and gave a very interesting address and appeal to the ungodly. We wish the Captain success. One of the Boys.

Halifax I.

The Adjutant returned home on Thursday night from the Council in St. John, much helped and blessed. On Friday night, a United Local Officers' meeting. Good meetings Sunday: two souls at the Cross. P. and I.

Secretary Castlin.

Trenton.

We have just laid away to wait the recovery of the just our sister, Mrs. Young, who died very suddenly. Her husband and son were away in the woods of Muskoka, and did not get home for the funeral which was very impressive. May the dear Lord use this stroke in the bringing of the family to submit to His will. One soul Sunday night.—A. E. W. Coate, Captain.

Windsor, Ont.

We are pleased to say God's work is progressing beautifully here in Windsor. There was much rejoicing in our meeting last night (Sunday) over three dear young men who came out for prayer home for the first time, and who were disappointed not turned away, but claimed victory through the Blood of Jesus. The "Not to-night" devil was present and robbed them of the blessed opportunity of getting right with God. Our late converts are getting on well. Our business men with their hard-worked, go-ahead Officers, and we are in with them to do all we can to bless and help the people of Windsor.—Mrs. Waller, Sergt.-Major, for Adjutant Dowell.

WAR CRY RACE.

NAME.....
(Give rank, if any, whether local or official.)

Corps.....

Province.....

Sold, outside the Barracks..... War Cry for week ending Saturday.....

Countersigned.....

Commanding Officer.....

NOTE.—Fill out this Form and send it to the Editor regularly every week. Failure in this disqualifies the racer.

SING ! SING SING !

Tunes.—Blessed Jesus, B. J., 45; Rous-
seau, B. J., 189; Guide me, Great
Jehovah, B. J., 121.

1 **Mighty Saviour, King of Glory,**
Turn my darkness into light,
Pass Thy bleeding wounds before
me,
Wash my sin-stained garments white.
Make me holy,
Give me power for Thee to fight.

Perfect cleansing I am seeking,
That from sin I may be free;
Perfect wounds Thy blood is speaking
Giving fellowship with Thee.
Make me holy,
Stamp Thy likeness, Lord, on me.

Make Thy Cross my soul's foundation,
Build a holy life within;
Let the blood that bought salvation
Be the death of every sin.
Make me holy,
Self to lose and souls to win.

Tunes.—Behold, behold, B. J., 277;
What's the news? B. J., 12; 3; Come
to Me, B. J., 102; Christ for me, B.
J., 308.

2 **Jesus, Thy purity bestow,**
Through the Blood;
The power of perfect cleansing
show,
Through the Blood!
Take every spot of sin away,
Within my heart for ever stay.
Give me full victory every day,
Through the Blood!

Increase the faith that conquers doubt,
Through the Blood;
Cast every evil link away,
Through the Blood!
Give me the power to master wrong,
Against the foe to march along.
With holy vigor make me strong,
Through the Blood!
Give me the love that never dies,
Through the Blood!
That will Thy cross and passion prize,
Through the Blood!
Help me to conquer sin and lust,
And keep me faithful to my post,
Anoint me with Thy Holy Ghost,
Through the Blood!

Err it be Too Late.

Tune.—Sweet Belle Mahone.

3 **Sinner, what is life to thee,**
Sunk in sin and misery?
Turn now, to your Saviour flee,
Err it be too late.
Christ invites you to come home,
How much longer will you roam?
Think now what will be your doom,
If you longer wait.

Chorus.

Err it be too late,
Err it be too late,
Turn to night, and travel home,
Err it be too late.

Sinner, soon your sin will set,
Jesus waits to hear thee,
Come to Him—you'll ne'er regret
This waste of time you take.
Oh, remember, life is short!
Give this matter up, yet
Treat it in the way you thought,
Err it be too late.

The Saviour's Voice.

Tune.—We're travelling home.

4 **The Lord is calling, hear Him say,**
"Come to Me! Come to Me!"
Why madly rush on sin's dark
way?
Come to Me! Come to Me!
Why go unpardoned to the grave?
To ransom you My life I gave;
And I am willing to have,
Come to Me! Come to Me!

Chorus.

With salvation so near thee,
While the Saviour yet
Now give heed to His pleading
"Oh, come unto Me!"

"Oh, weary one on sin's hard road,
Come to Me!
Lay at My feet Thy heavy load,
Come to Me!
And I will give you perfect rest,
And peace shall reign within your
breast,
And you shall pardoned be, and blest—
Come to Me!

"I will not cast one soul away,
Come to Me!
But, oh, repent while yet 'tis day,
Come to Me!
For night is coming on apace,
When you no more can seek My face;
Then past will be the day of grace,
Come to Me!

[SERIAL STORY.]



SYNDROM OF PRISONERS CHATTER.—Archie Sloas, born in Glasgow of drunken and thieving parents. At seven adopted by a gang of thieves. At fifteen a professional house-breaker. His motto: "Take nothing, gain nothing." Prison experience began at sixteen. Seven times in and out of prison. Escaped from prison. Recaptured. On board the convict ship "Albatross," bound for Bermuda.

After weighing anchor and trimming the sails, a westerly wind and a strong tide carried this criminal cargo quickly down the river, past the Narrows, into the English Channel, and along the famous Downs.

The lower deck of the "Albatross" was especially rigged up to accommodate this villainous crowd. The interior was a prison itself. Along the whole length of the ship in the centre was a narrow gangway and in by iron bars, and in this narrow aperture sentries, with loaded muskets, strode night and day. On each side, the ship was divided into institutions, each accommodating ten men, with hammocks slung from the rafters. Only 150 men at a time were allowed on deck. At eight bells—noon—the first lot who had been on deck all the morning disappeared down the hatches into the bowels of the ship, and the other lot took their place.

They cursed and snarled at everything. They gambled for money and food and plugs of tobacco. They plotted and schemed and vented insane plans for taking the ship; but threats and

Foggings and Chains

partially kept the hell within them. Archie Sloas was the best-behaved convict on board the whole ship. The fact was, his mind was seriously preoccupied. Other men eased their breasts by continued cursings, but Archie was too industriously employed for that. He was never yet imprisoned but he always sat himself down to scheme out a plan of escape. And again his cunning mind and invincible spirit rose beyond his circumstances, and, like the sea-birds and waves around him, he was determined to be free, and recognize no master.

The "Albatross" was four days out of port when Archie confided his scheme to a brother-convict, who was a "lifer," and whose registered alias was "The Notable."

"Confound it, mate, there's no back door out of this floating hell, worse luck! But I've got a scheme to take the ship and turn it into a pirate! Are you a pal?"

"To the bitter end," replied the "Notable," with a vol of oaths, "but I'll take some doing. Look where you will, there's soldier-sentries, with cutlasses and loaded firearms, ready to send us to kindred agonies, we show our teeth. What's your little game?"

"Something original," said Archie. "Fact is, I'm going to induce the captain, and his crew, and all the warder-sentries, to leave the ship, and turn it over to me!"

Encouraging.

Tune.—How will you do? B. J., 174, 3.

5 **Have you not succeeded yet?**
Try, try again!
Mercy's door is open yet,
Try, try again!

Yours is not a single case,
Others have the same to face,
All your trust on Jesus place,
Try, try again!

Something surely lurks within,
Try, try again!
Some beloved, besetting sin,
Try, try again!
Give up every plea beside,
"I am lost, but Christ has died,"
Then the Blood will be applied,
Try, try again!

Do you say, "I've tried before?"
Try, try again!
Never give the conflict o'er,
Try, try again!
Some have been as bad as you,
But the Lord has brought them through,
It may be the same with you,
Mercy's door is open yet.

The "Notable"

was seized with a fit of laughter at this announcement. It was several minutes before he could compose himself to speak. "That's right, Archie," he said, "some more of it. The more you hear the better value than a circus. Strange I never thought of that myself. I dare say if you speak to the captain he'll be only too glad to give you his position. What else have you thought of, Archie?"

"That you are a poor, shallow, behind-the-age copyist, without a solitary vein of originality in you," retorted Archie, hotly. "And you scort at a fellow who tries new ideas. Look here, my old beauty, before we reach the Bermudas, Archie Sloas will astonish you."

"You've done that already," said the "Notable," meekly, trying to win himself back into Archie's good graces. "Go ahead, mate; I'm your devoted slave. Let's hear what your game is!" "It's like this," said Archie, sinking his voice; "the men on this floating coffin are a lot of cowards, when it comes to getting shot or pushed threwn with a meat-skewer; but if you I can get twenty men to join our secret society the job is done."

"I can get them many many myself," replied the "Notable" with a cautious disregard for grammar. "Right," said Archie. "This, then, is my harmless and bloodless plan for taking the ship. We found a square trap-door in the side of the ship, below the water-line. I know how to get at it and open it, and the first windy night I'm going to open it and let the water rush in like

The Niagara Falls!

"And sink the ship!" exclaimed the "Notable," with his eyes bulging out with horror.

"Nothing of the kind," said Archie, impatiently. "The reason I will select a windy night to cut, tear, or unsew open the hole in the ship's side, is because this craft is a floating coffin which the prison forelors got up on the cheap; therefore, on a windy night, every spar and mast and loose timber will strain and creak like a consumptive piano that has been rescued from a big fire, so the rasping and grating noise I expect to make in opening this door won't be noticed or heard. Then, when the hole is opened, the sea will cause a panic on board. The pumps won't be any good, and, of course, when they find the ship is settling down, the captain and his crew with the sentries and the warders, will take to the boats right off. If there's going to be any risk of drowning, depend upon the officers and crew will look after themselves first. After the boats have pushed off, the ship is settling down, doomed ship, it is ours. We stop the — shut yer mouth, man, till I tell yer we stop the hole, yer pump the ship dry, rig the sails, and—didn't I say it was a windy night? Yes, we leave the boats far away behind to be picked by some passing ship. It'll all

Fan Out Natural.

There's not going to be any fighting or knocking down. The ship will come into our possession as a matter of course. See?"

(To be Continued).

Richmond St.

The Lord is in our midst. We are having His blessing in the open-air. We had Brother Laurier on the night, accompanied by his guitar. The War Cry sold good in the open-air. One lady gave ten copies for the "Yellow Red and Blue" took well. We have just got a new Soldier Broomer in the person of Flo. Alton. The War Cry is getting better and along. The Ensign is about to start on a trip around his district. William Lewis.

If sin does not taste bitter, Christ cannot taste sweet. But when sin is hell, Christ is heaven.

Every honest man aims to be just right. If you are contented, you are almost right, you are just wrong.—Anon.

Sanctification is both subtraction and addition—taking away the roots of evil, and adding all the graces of the Spirit.

Grace and glory are closely related. Grace is the bud, glory the blossom. Grace is glory begun. Glory is grace completed.

MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; be friends, or assisted, or possible, wronged girls, women, or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they hear any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

First Insertion.

1958. SHEA, CHAS. EDWARD. Sixteen years of age; short, stout, light brown hair, blue eyes, anxious of buying a ticket from Beauséjour to Winnipeg in October of 1896. Mother in hospital at Beauséjour. Please enquire, and is very sick; will be glad to hear from him. Address, Mrs. Shea, 162 Stephen Street, Point Douglas, Winnipeg, Man.

1959. PAGE, ALFRED. Left London, England, about 18 years ago. Sent to Canada by some school worked for a Mr. Roach, Bartonville, Ont. Brother enquires.

1960. SHANNON, PATRICK and JAMES. Patrick, light brown hair, James, red hair. Lived in Toronto many years. Sister parted from them when a child. Please enquire, and is very sick; will be glad to hear from them. Address, Mrs. Shea, 162 Stephen Street, Point Douglas, Winnipeg, Man.

1961. REAN or SMITH—HENRY. Age, 43; light complexion; large lump on back of neck; been in America 13 years; not been heard of for four years; then at Fitzroy Harbor, Carleton County, Ont. Wife enquires.

1962. GRAY, JOHN. Age, 35, 5 ft. 6 in.; dark complexion. Left Yorkshire about 18 years ago. Address then Care Mr. William Thacker, 196 Block, Sherbrooke, P. Q.

1963. TRAVIS, WILLIAM. Age, 65, 5 ft. 6 in.; dark complexion. Left grey hair. Joiner and builder by trade. July 21st, 1891, was in Toronto; then a Salvationist. Address 134 Chestnut Street, Toronto. Wife enquires.

1964. SCOTT, WILLIAM. Age, 45; brown eyes; dark hair; 5 ft. 10 in.; marked on arm. Supposed to be working in Manitoba. Wife enquires.

(Second Insertion).

HESKETH FAMILY. Henry Hesketh; aged 34 years; Mrs. Robert Anderson, nee Hesketh, and Mrs. James H. C. Hesketh, nee Anderson, Enston, England. Henry Hesketh and his sister, Mrs. Anderson, were last heard of at farming in Canada about 13 years ago. Since then, their advantage. Enquiries made from Australia.

YOUNG, ALFRED SAMUEL. Left England about 14 years ago. Was then at 611, Adelaide, U. S. If he will write to his sister, Sybilla Jones, Lake Tawstock, Devonshire, England, or to the Rev. William H. Young, Vancouver, B. C., he will hear of something to his advantage. New York and San Francisco City please copy.

The measure to be observed in loving God is to love Him without measure.—St. Bernard.

It is dangerous looking for another world before we have looked-glass of this world.—W. Beecker.

Let us think of our own helplessness. We have to be helped into the world—we have to be helped out of it. We have to be helped all the way through it.

Do the Lord's work in the Lord's time. Pray while God hears; hear while God speaks; believe while God promises; obey while God commands.—Ibid.

To render good for evil is God-like; to render good for good is man-like; to render evil for evil is beast-like; to render evil for good is devil-like.—John Mason.

Think how sad it will be to have your evidences to seek, when your case is to be tried; to have your oil to buy when you should have it to burn.—John Mason.

When wrong gets too insolent it commits suicide. So evil tends to its own defeat in destruction. This is one of our greatest sins with living amid the ghastly desolations of sin.



Wingham.

Victory is ours. Souls are crying for mercy.—Yours, etc. T. Ford Barker, Captain.

Pembroke.

Beautiful times yesterday from kneedril to wind-up at night, with one prodigal come home. Hallelujah! B. Ledrew, Captain.

Moose Jaw, N.W.T.

Moose Jaw going up! up! up! Sunday afternoon, largest march for over a year. The band figured prominently.—J. H. Mldagah, R. C.

Valley City, N.D.

Two souls since last report, one at Sanborn, a small place west of here, another in a school-house not far from Sanborn.—Lieutenant E. Kenmir.

Listowel.

Last Tuesday we welcomed Lieutenant Jordison. Sunday, good meetings all day. At night two held up their hand for prayer.—E. M. Archer, R. C.

Annapolis, N.S.

This is a very beautiful town, and we have just taken hold, and mean to do a good stroke of work for God this summer. Yours to conquer, L. Penny, Capt.

Larimore, N.D.

Just had a visit from our new District Officer, Adjutant Goodwin. God has given us victory in seeing many souls converted in this place.—Annie Hurst, Captain.

Viridien.

Since last report have had some big times. Two days' race meeting, which finished with the devil being distanced and five souls in the Fountain. Some big meetings to take place, with the District Officer in charge.—W. C. C.

St. John II, Nfld.

Hallelujah! The Army is on the march to bring the world to God. Sunday was a blessed time from 7 a. m. till the finish at night. Seven souls for the day. Two for Monday and five for the blessing.—W. Snow, Captain.

Strathroy.

Visited the poor-house at 11 a. m. Good time. One precious soul sought and found Jesus. We could truly say the man was really in earnest about his soul. God made us few who visited, a blessing to the people in that place. G. Pynn.

Newport, Vt.

Thank God for what He is doing for Newport. On Monday had a visit from our Adjutant, Blackburn, our District Officer. Seven Recruits were enrolled at this meeting. The Lord is with us. Our motto is "Onward and Upward." John L. Miller.

Fenelon Falls.

I suppose you think we are all dead back here; but we are up and doing. Captain McClelland and wife are doing all they can. We had the joy of enrolling seven Recruits, God bless them true!—Sergt. Smith for Capt. McClelland and wife.

Wahpeton.

Victory! Sunday good time. Finished 12:20 a. m. Monday. One consecrated all, and is here to apply for the work, and one backslider home. Monday two Juniors and another backslider. Soldiers' meeting a real Pentecostal time. Hallelujah!—A. Wildkins, Capt.

Dillon, Mont.

We are in for war here. Our crowds are increasing. We have had some welcome homes; Comrades coming in from the hills for a meeting; full to the brim, thinking God for the victories He gives them while out away from meetings. Holiness meetings good.—Yours fighting, M. A. Vale.

Nowmarket.

Hallelujah! We are having victory here. Three precious souls claimed Salvation in the past Sunday. On Monday night there was quite a large march. Barracks full. Four ministers, Captain Drant and Lieutenant Marshal were present. Glorious time. Going forward to conquer.—Lieut. C. Cornell.

Essex.

Thank God, Essex is still very much alive. Staff-Captain Turner with us for Saturday and Sunday. Beautiful meetings; two souls; several nearly decided. Lord, help them! The Chancellor baptized with the Holy Ghost. One soul the following Thursday.—S. E. Ottaway, Captain; J. Coe, Lieutenant.

Victoria, B. C.

We are going in to do our best, for we love the War Cry very much. The school-keepers are so anxious to get their papers and seem to take an interest in them, and when we have an attractive cover, they get so pleased with it. Mrs. Moore and I boom the saloons regular every Saturday night.—Mrs. Law, S.-M.

Gananoque.

Five and a-half months ago in our welcome Soldiers' meeting to Captain Ward, about ten of us formed a ring and sang that beautiful chorus, "I'll be true to the Christ of Calvary." Last night, in our farewell meeting, twenty-three of us formed a ring and sang the same chorus. To God be all the glory! J. T. Funnell, R. C.

Helena, Mont.

Helena in the procession. Good meetings, collections, and a large crowd. Major and Mrs. Southall were with us one night last week for a farewell meeting. We were all of one mind. Sorry to lose them. The Major's stay among us will be pleasant to think of in times to come, but the new Brigadier will be just as welcome.—Rogers, Reg. Cor.

Portage la Prairie.

Thank God we are still moving. At the farewell of Brother Nicholas, who has held the position of Secretary for five years, two souls farewelled to sin. We are real sorry to lose our Comrade, and also our old friend, Mr. Bowman. Our prayers will follow them, and amongst the gold mines may God bless and help them to be true. J. E. Jones, Captain.

Quebec.

Historic Quebec has been favored with a three days' visit from the Lassies' String Band of Kingston, under command of Brigadier Sharp. Glorious times, in spite of rain and city being in darkness, on account of placing plant for our new electrical railway. Finances proportionately good. Their excellent music was very much appreciated.—B. N. Ealson.

Hopoler.

Saturday was announced as a Devil's Impromptu Meeting. We had a line run across the Barracks, on which were hung pipes, cigars, tobacco, guns, shotguns, revolvers, feathers, and so on. One Soldier testified that he smoked the 24 old, black clay pipes which hung on the line. It was a grand success; 299 people present; wound up Sunday night with four good cases. Captain Huntington.

Carleton, N.B.

We have been celebrating our 12th anniversary during the past week. Major and wife, also a number of other Officers, were with us for some of the meetings. The crowning times were Sunday and Monday nights, when our dear leaders were with us. Monday night Jubilee, Social and Enrolment. Great crowd of Officers, Soldiers and friends. Good interest and finances. Captain and Mrs. Knight.

Lisgar St.

Glory be to God! The Lisgar Street Soldiers are marching on to war. We are having victory all along the line. The devil is being routed, and souls being saved. Company marches good. A dear sister was overjoyed to see her mother today and take her home to stand for God. Captain Brindley farewelled for a while to get a much-needed rest. God, restore him to health and strength again to battle for the Lord. Grand Sunday afternoon open-air meetings in Shaw's Grove. Junior work increasing.—Bro. S. McFarland, Gen. Cor.

Barrie.

We are not dead yet, nor going to die. We are going to live for ever. Bless God! Sunday was a good day to our souls. From 7 a. m. until 10:30 p. m. God was with us in power. Crowds good all day and at night. The invitation was given for those who wanted to live a better life, a little girl volunteered and came out and sought God. If you want to hear Father Miles about "Hallelujah" I'll come to Barrie. T. B., for Adjt. Hughes.

Roseland, B.C.

Battle raging: lots of opposition—(street fakir or medicine vendors and other attractions) converts doing well. On a recent meeting we had testimonies from Soldiers and converts born in the following nations or countries: England, Ireland, Scotland, Australia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Canada, and North West Territories, and a Finland-er came to the penitent-form the next evening. We have just sent a young girl to our Rescue Home in Spokane who was a cigarette, morphine and cocaine fiend.—M. Ayre, Adjutant.

Lamaline.

More news! This time a hallelujah wedding—the first for Lamaline. Some thought it impossible to be married outside of their own church. But the day arrived when the contracting parties (Alice Bonnell and Samuel Heller) entered, amidst tears from the Comrades; the meeting went on with a swing. People listened with great attention until they were pronounced man and wife, and then the building swelled and re-echoed with volleys, guns being fired off outside, which continued long after the meeting. Many declared it to be the best wedding they had ever attended. May our Comrades live to be true representatives of Heaven. God is still giving them victory. Ensign Kenway.

My Impressions of the Training Home.

BY A CADET.

A few days ago I received orders to come to Headquarters at once, and no one knows the strange feelings I realized on my way there—but when I arrived, to my surprise a private commission was awaiting me, as a Field Cadet, to assist Adjutant Burdette at the Temple, who is an old and experienced Officer in the work.

Although my days in the dear old Lippincott Training Home were few, I must say of a truth that I have been greatly benefited by them and would like, in as few words as possible, to give you my experience there, which may help other Candidates who, like myself, have probably heard various reports concerning our different Training Grounds.

I found the Training Home is just what you like to make it.

I arrived on April 12th, 1897, and was welcomed by a band of golly lads, who were doing their utmost to extend the Kingdom of God. I did not find any duty too hard to perform, nor did I find the Officers ever asking us to do anything that they themselves were not prepared to do—but, on the other hand, I have seen them take their turn at different duties, never manifesting a complaining spirit under any circumstances, but were to us lads all-round examples.

Our Garrison Commander, by his own life, was always preaching that we must not go so far as to be leaders of the people, but their servants, for Jesus' sake.

I might go on to say many more things which would be helpful to my Candidate-Comrades, but I think I have said sufficient to convince you that many things you hear about our Garrison are totally untrue, and when you get there you will regret having to leave it, as many others have done.

You may argue that you do not see the need of your going into Training, but you will not be there long before the needs are revealed. If you have not sent in your application, send it in at once, for "the harvest truly is great and the laborers are few."

EDGAR BARRETT.

I want nothing but God, and fear nothing but sin.—Joshua Gili.



CAPT. and MRS. WAKEFIELD and WILLIE WAKEFIELD, of Guelph, Ont.

INCIDENT OF THE SIEGE.

Mrs. G— was known as one of the many who "used to be a good Soldier," but had been practically lost to the Army for years. She was not advancing spiritually; people who disobey God never do—but the circumstances under which her name was removed made it hard for her to return. Her friends were less favorable that ever, but this was the Army's Siege, and did it not seem a God-ordained institution,

especially for her? Thank God, obedience to family and friends was replaced by obedience to her God. She was enlisted on the 25th and marches on to victory as a Soldier. Thank God for the Siege! D. C. MOORE, Adjutant, Riverside.

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